

Submissive Love

by bishstyles

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Summary: A further look into the life of Leila Williams and her obsession with Grey.

1. Chapter 1

Chapter One

What Master doesn't know doesn't hurt him. Sneaking in and out of Escala was never a problem when I was under a contract and it was no problem now as I stood at the end of the bed watching this new sub Anastasia sleep. The cameras couldn't catch everything in the apartment. There were blind spots and I used them to my advantage.

...

"May I speak sir?" My voice was timid as I looked down at the marble floor of the kitchen where sir sat eating his breakfast and reading a paper. He did not answer right away, so I looked up under my eyelashes and past the locks of brown hair that hung in front of my face. I caught a quick glimpse of him before he noticed and I cast my eyes back down. He looked annoyed that I had interrupted him.

"You may." He said and turned his body away from the island and toward me.

"You may look at me," he added.

I shivered as I slowly looked up and met his icy eyes. He was impossibly good looking and it made my legs quiver. He was tapping his fingers waiting for me to ask my question.

"Will you accompany me to a party tonight?" I asked, stuttering over every word and fidgeting under his watching eyes.

" Leila you know I do not accompany my subs to parties, nor do they accompany me. You should know better then to ask me a question of this nature..." He trailed off in the middle of his lecture when his phone pinged and he stopped to check it. I was thankful for the ping, as he was probably going to finish his lecture with some sort of punishment for asking such a stupid question.

He stood to retire to his office, I assume to look further into the email he was reading on his blackberry. Before he left the room he turned on his heel and looked directly at me; I was frozen to my spot. "And Leila, you are not to attend this party tonight either. You are mine for the weekend, no one else's. I will be busy with work tonight, keep yourself occupied around the apartment; but be ready when I need you."

With that he left the room and there I stood, still stuck in the same place with a dumb smile plastered on my face because he said I was his. I knew better than to think that way, but it was beyond my control.

I sat perched on the edge of my bed, antsy, debating whether I would sneak out and go to the party or not. The thrill of getting away with it piqued my interest and the idea of getting caught made my decision easy. Having masters attention focused fully on me; whether it be good or bad made my heart beat faster and my blood run hotter. I jumped off my bed and proceeded to make my great escape from Escala.

Returning later in the night I was slightly disappointed when I was able to return unnoticed and Sir's office door was still closed. As I tiptoed by his door I could hear his muffled voice talking business on the phone and the clacking of his fingers on the keyboard as he most likely typed out an email at the same time.

I was invisible to him most of the time, but I lived for the moments when I existed in his world again. I undressed, staring at my reflection in the fogged up mirror across from me. What more could I do for this man to make him love me?

Stepping into the shower I let the water cascade over me and tried to rid my thoughts of the haunting Christian Grey. I closed my eyes and tried to forget my feelings, but as I did I felt his hands wrap around me, holding onto my breasts.

"Sir?" I said, my eyes still shut tight letting the water sting my face with its welcomed heat.

"Shhh," he murmured, his mouth close to my ear as he pulled my body in closer to his. " You deserve a reward for waiting so patiently tonight."

...

I hadn't come here to see Anastasia. I had come here to see him; but here she was in his bed. I was never allowed in Sir's bed. I was over stepping my boundaries but I simply couldn't help myself. I stepped closer to the foot of the bed and looked her over. She looked so much like me. My breath hitched as I thought about why she was allowed in his room and I never was. A small cry escaped me and she began to

toss in her sleep. I made my way back onto the balcony forgetting to close the door behind me in my haste. I stood hidden in the dark and watched as she woke wrapping the blanket around herself and leaving the room, presumably to find him. And I thought to myself again, what does she have that I don't.

2. Chapter 2

**Authors Note: Hi everyone! Thank you so much for reading the first chapter of Submissive Love. I am so happy with the feedback I have received so far. I wanted to give you all a little extra information regarding this story. The timeline will not be the same as in the books, although some events will be the same. Also I realized it may have been confusing figuring out what was the past and what was the present in the first chapter; so italics will now always be used for thoughts or past memories. It may take me a little longer to post the next chapter as I plan on making them a lot longer than the first two. Thank you in advance for your patience. Please continue to review and follow Submissive Love if you would like to read more.
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Chapter Two

I should have never went back to Escala. Seeing the happiness Master Grey had with this new girl made my stomach turn and the pain in my heart blossom stronger than it had the last time I had left. This pain was harder to bear than leaving my cheating husband, and felt close to the ache that was in my heart when I found out Geoff was killed in a car accident.

I had met Geoff a few months after leaving my now ex husband. I fell for him hard and fast as I tried to forget the love I had for one Christian Grey and the hurt from my recent separation. Our love was fierce and unconditional, and for a short while I had actually began to live without the constant memories of master Grey running through my mind. But my happiness seemed to be short lived, and his death became my undoing.

I paced my small apartment as I relived the past. Looking out the partially cracked window I could see Escala in the distance; almost as if it was taunting me to return.

...

_Somber music floated softly through the apartment, filling the silence that had taken over with the night. It woke me, but instead of getting up I lay still in bed listening to the beauty and the sadness within the piece. Sir has demons in his past that keep him up at night; that is as much as I know. He doesn't tell me about his past, and I do not ask. _

_Pulling myself up out of bed I tiptoe over to the full length mirror, straightening my silk nightgown and smoothing my hair. The sullen music continues to play as I make my way into the great room, following the notes as they fall. _

_He doesn't look up from the piano keys as I enter; doesn't falter at

all in the piece. He is concentrated on letting his feelings flow through the piano and into the open room around us. I can feel his pain without having to ask him about it, I know pain all too well myself. _

_I kneel beside the piano bench, sitting on the backs of my legs with my arms resting on the top of my thighs. I bow my head, casting my eyes towards the floor and await his response to my presence. _

_The music comes to an end and the silence once again takes over the night; except for the soft sounds of my breathing that echo louder in my own head. He turns on the bench and faces me, placing his hand on my head and running his fingers through my hair. After a few moments of silence he holds out his hand for me to take. _

_ "Come," he says and lifts me to my feet. _

_ "Yes sir," I say, nodding my head lightly in response and following a few steps behind as we make our way to the playroom. I know what sir needs to feel better, and he knows what I need. _

...

I pick at the chipping paint coming off the windowsill, letting the little yellowed pieces fall to the floor. I know I need help getting back onto my feet but I don't know where else to turn, looking back up at the towering building looming in the distance I decide to make a call.

End
file.